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The Lion of Lucerne.

(By Florence Mayo Adams, in 'Forward.')

The famous Lion of Lucerne has become well known in Europe and America through its numerous reproductions in photographs and casts; but only those who have seen the original of this wonderful piece of sculpture can form a true idea of its combined pathos and grandeur.

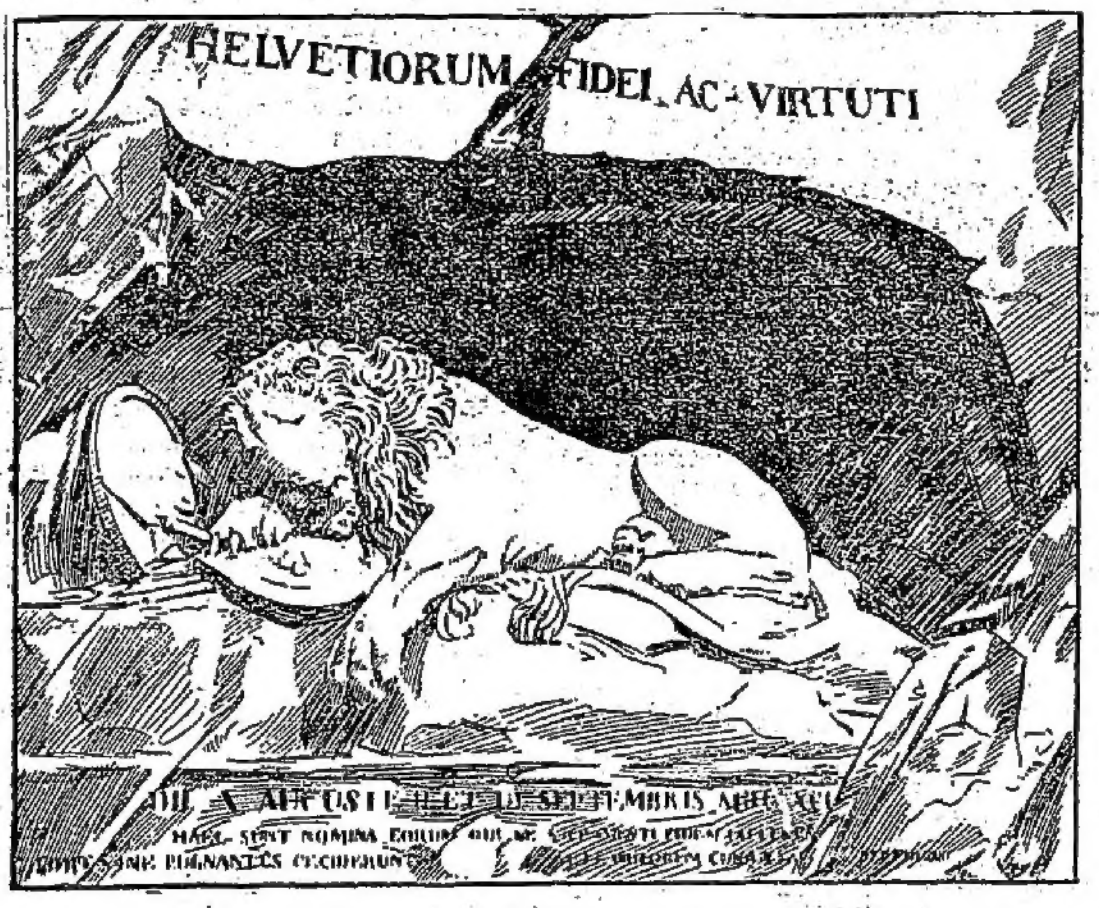
This colossal work is carved from the solid rock in a grotto near the city of Lucerne, in Switzerland. It represents a wounded lion lying in the throes of death, but still faithfully guarding the royal escutcheon, which bears the fleur-de-lis of France.

Carved in the rock, above the grotto, is this inscription:

HELVETIORUM FIDEI AC VIRTUTI.

To the fidelity and courage of the Swiss.

Below the lion are the names of the officers and soldiers of the Swiss Guard who died in the defense of the Tuileries, in Paris, between August 10th and September 2nd, 1792.



THE LION OF LUCERNE.

To fully appreciate the power and impressiveness of this monument one needs to recall the story of the heroic Swiss Guard who laid down their lives for the king and the royal family during the fearful days of the French Revolution. All the horror and agony, as well as the heroism of that terrible period, are expressed in the face of the dying Lion of Lucerne. We read there not only the story of the brave defense the Tuileries, but also one of the most pitiful chapters of French history.

It was in those days of the downfall of royalty that Louis the Sixteenth and the beautiful but ill-fated queen, Marie Antoinette, were forced to shut themselves up in their palace and listen to the howling of the mob which clamored for their blood.

The king and queen were attended by a company of noblemen, who still remained faithful to the royal family. They were led by Marshal de Mailly, a brave old man of eighty-six, who bent his knee to the king and swore fidelity unto death. The palace was defended by seven hundred and fifty Swiss soldiers, in the red uniforms hitherto so awe-inspiring to the common people.

The unfortunate Louis the Sixteenth, who was doomed to expiate the sins of his fathers, declared himself unwilling that these brave soldiers should suffer death in his defense, but they replied: 'We are Swiss. A Swiss soldier never lays down his arms. We will let ourselves be killed to the last man rather than fail in honor or betray the sanctity of our oaths.'

And they were true to their word. Although unsupported by the royal troops, lacking cartridges, and suffering through unwise generalship, they never wavered in courage, devotion or discipline; and every one of the brave Swiss guard died at the post of duty.

It was a sad sacrifice, followed by the cruel deaths of the king and queen and of their innocent children; but we will not say that it was a useless sacrifice, for no soldier who dies in the name of honor perishes in vain, and this example of the immortal Swiss Guard is an inspiration to all who are brought face to face with the test of conscience in any cause.

Thus we see in the face of the dying lion not only the battle of the Swiss Guard for the lilies of France, but the ideal struggle of humanity for the right. It is this expression of exalted devotion to duty which makes the Lion of Lucerne such a powerful work of art.

In this respect we can but be impressed with the difference between the Lion of Lucerne and the famous Lion of Assyrian sculpture which is now in the British Museum. The Assyrian lion is also dying from the wounds of a spear, but its face and figure express only physical suffering. The work has no moral significance. It moves our pity, but does not inspire our souls.

The Lion of Lucerne is a monument erected by the Swiss republic in honor of its heroic sons who sacrificed their lives for the cause which they had sworn to defend.

This masterpiece of sculpture is the work of the famous Dane, Bertel Thorwaldsen, who, although born in the far north, seems to have had the instincts, the ideals and the genius of the ancient Greeks.

The story of this Danish sculptor is one of the most delightful romances of real life. He was the son of a poor wood-carver; and spent his boyhood in Copenhagen, where he became a student in the free school of the Royal Academy of Art. Here he took several prizes in drawing; and at the age of twenty was the happy recipient of the gold medal and an annuity of one hundred and twenty dollars during a three years' course of study in Italy. Having bidden farewell to his parents, who, in their fondest dreams, could not have foreseen the great honors which their son was to attain, Thorwaldsen went to Rome, where for nine years he studied and worked in poverty and under the most discouraging circumstances. Driven almost to despair, he was at last on the point of returning to Denmark, when an English banker, Mr. Thomas Hope, chanced to visit the studio in which stood the now famous statue of 'Jason with the Golden Fleece.'

The art-loving Englishman at once perceived the touch of genius in this statue, and purchased it, paying the modest sculptor a much larger price than he had asked. From that day Thorwaldsen's success was assured. New commissions came to him. Kings and princes and famous men and women sought his friendship. The Royal Academy of Florence offered him a professorship; and very soon the academies of art in other European cities overwhelmed him with honors, while his native city sent him five hundred dollars in recognition of his genius.

Thorwaldsen visited his old home in Copenhagen after an absence of twenty-three years. His father and mother had died; and the great sculptor, who had left home as an unknown, penniless youth, returned as the guest of the king, and was lodged in the palace of Charlottenburg and entertained in princely state.

In 1838 Thorwaldsen again made a triumphal journey from Rome to Copenhagen, where he was again received with royal honors. Boats decked with garlands of flowers came out to meet the ship which bore him to his native city. Bands of musicians and a joyous procession, headed by the members of the Academy of Fine Arts, waited to greet him on his arrival; and the enthusiastic citizens took the horses from Thorwaldsen's carriage and drew it themselves through the streets of Copenhagen.

The famous sculptor must have been reminded at this time of his own work, the triumphal entry of Alexander into Babylon. He was, however, not inflated with pride, but still retained the simple, modest, kindly nature of his youth. He liberally endowed the museum at Copenhagen and bequeathed to it many of his finest works.

Thorwaldsen died in 1844; and his native city was draped in mourning. Every one, from the king to the humblest citizen, loved

the great, generous-hearted sculptor. Beautiful women brought garlands for his casket; and the queen made with her own hands, a wreath of laurel for his grave. Forty artists bore his body to the church, where it lay in state, and thence to its last resting place in the inner court of the splendid museum, which the city of Copenhagen had built for Thorwaldsen's sculptures, and where his name is kept in perpetual remembrance.

Thorwaldsen's works are to be seen in many of the cities of Europe. He made the Schiller monument at Stuttgart, the statue of Gutenberg at Mainz, that of the Elector Maximilian the First at Munich, and that of Pope Pius the Seventh at St. Peter's at Rome. His earlier works were purely classical in their conception and treatment, and reveal the ideal beauty of antique art; but even more wonderful than these are the magnificent sculptures which he wrought for the Frue Kirke at Copenhagen.

These incomparable marbles were inspired by the life of Christ and his apostles; and they show how the soul of the sculptor was lifted by his divine subject into the highest realm of beauty and grandeur.

But the work by which Thorwaldsen is best known in America is undoubtedly the dying Lion of Lucerne; and this monument to the memory of the Swiss Guard will always remain famous, because its subject, 'Fidelity unto Death,' appeals to the universal heart of humanity.

Stick to It.

Nine persons out of ten ignore the golden secret of content; they are constantly striving after something different from what they enjoy. We do not deprecate enterprise, but it is the habit of constant change that we protest against—the habit of shifting from one pursuit to another. There are thousands of almost penniless and disappointed men, picking up a precarious living at the very extremity of life, because they have in the course of their existence tried a hundred different things, and abandoned all in turn, simply because they did not succeed at once.

To few men it is given to do more than two things well. There is scarcely any pursuit that, if followed out with a singleness of purpose, will not yield a rich return. Select some useful occupation, stick to it, and success must crown your efforts at last. Choose it now—make no delay. Don't waste your time and strength and your opportunities by always meaning to do something—do it! Only weakness comes from indecision.

Why, some people have so accustomed themselves to this way of dawdling along from one thing to another it seems really impossible for them to squarely make up their minds to anything. They never quite know what they mean to do next, and their only pleasure seems to consist in putting things off as long as possible, and then dragging slowly through them rather than begin anything else.

Life affords no higher pleasure than that of surmounting difficulties, passing from one step of success to another. Of course, it does not always happen that diligence is fortunate—the wisest schemes are broken by unexpected accidents; the most constant perseverance sometimes toils without recompense. Yet work, though unsuccessful, is preferable to idleness. The man who sticks to a good purpose ever has the approbation of his conscience, and need not fear that failure is his own fault.

Says 'John Ploughman': 'Can't do it' sticks in the mud, but 'Try' soon drags the waggon out of the rut. What man has done, man can do, and what has never been may be. Tuck up your shirt-sleeves, young Hopeful, and go at it. Where there's a will there's a way. Don't look to others, but trust in God and keep your powder dry. A hard-working young man, with his wits about him, will make money where others do nothing but lose it. As to a little trouble, who expects to find cherries without stones, or roses without thorns? Who would win must learn to bear. Do what you do right thoroughly, pray over it heartily, and leave the result to God.—'Family Friend.'

His Confession.

The case here reported is one of those that carry a double reproof. It warns against the fact that makes a possible criminal, and rebukes the feeling that shuns one. The 'confession' of a condemned murderer tells how the gravitation of a childhood sin sank him into a vicious life. His choice of wrongdoing had been so early that he seemed to have forgotten any right instruction he had ever heard. And no friend of the fallen had ever set mortality and religion before him. They came to him apparently as a first lesson after he was sentenced to death. The words of faith and hope were a surprise. To this, in part, the prison chaplain attributed the convict's frank repentance and changed heart.

It was a revelation to the unhappy man to find a Christian taking a real interest in him. He had never understood before that a good man was not necessarily a hypocrite. The depraved opinion of mankind which a criminal education usually gives had led him to class all men in one evil brotherhood.

'Why,' he exclaimed, in his own lingo, 'I thought you Christ fellers were in the same perfesh, only a little higher up than the bunco-steerers. If I'd only learned before!'

When the chaplain had finally secured the prisoner's confidence, he asked him how he came to go wrong in the first place.

'I'd have to think,' he answered, puzzled.

A few nights before he took his last walk under the flickering gaslight with every word and whisper reverberating along the corridor until it re-echoed through the lofty guard-room, the poor man answered his confessor's question.

'You asked me when I started in this wrong way. I've been thinking of it all day—I never thought on it before—an' I reckon it's something like this. When I was a boy I was raised in the country, an' went to the town academy for a term or so. My mother was a good woman, an' hard-working, too, God bless her!

'I wa'n't wild then, only full of speerits, an' bold, perhaps; always ready fur a good time. One day, I remember, we boys all got into a scrape. They all confessed to the teacher and I lied out of it. After that my playfellows wouldn't go with me, an' all the friends I could get were two or three toughs, who were glad enough to have me drop down to them.

'I wa'n't much of a liar, an' only told the other one because I was scared; but now I had to lie to keep with the new lot. An' they taught me to steal from my mother.

'Instead of going home nights, we used to camp out in the woods an' play pirates, an' sometimes we played it purty strong an' natural. So it went on. All my friends had dropped me, an' I got to be known as a bad boy, an' people shook their heads. Then it became too hot fur me in school because I took something out of a feller's desk, an' I quit.

'I couldn't get no work, because nobody would trust me (an' I don't blame 'em, neither, as I look at it now; but then I thought 'twasn't fair). So me an' another mate took to the road. That settled it. I never could get back to be like the best boys I had been with, an' I never knew anybody better than a bartender. You're the first person, sir, that ever spoke a good word to me since I was a boy at home an' told that lie. I wish I'd known you sooner. Then I wouldn't be here.'

This testimony of a penitent criminal to his youthful false step and its consequence repeats what we so well knew. That the first bad act drives one into bad associations explains why it begins one's moral ruin.

But the thought will come that if Christian friendship had helped this erring boy to lift against the downward strain he brought upon himself, a good life might have been saved to society. A safe character, for time and eternity, is sometimes built on the first *forgiven sin*.—'Youth's Companian.'

On One Drop of Red Paint.

A boy walked into a house-painter's shop one day and stood looking at the different colors. The painter had gone out for something, and the boy thought he would investigate a little.

On the floor stood a keg containing fifty pounds of thick white lead, and close beside it was a smaller one filled with Indian red all ready for the brush. In each was a wooden paddle for stirring up the paint. The boy took hold of the paddle in the smaller keg and held it up, watching the thin red stream which flowed from the end. Something startled him and he turned quickly and let a single drop fall into the white lead. There it lay, one little red spot in the white mass.

The boy was frightened and wanted to repair the mischief which he had done, but he went at it the wrong way. The red paint had not mixed with the white, for the white was too stiff. If he had taken a little stick or the point of his pocket knife he might easily have lifted it out and there would have been no harm done. Instead he tried to hide it by stirring it in. At first a little red streak followed the paddle round and round; soon it disappeared, but some of the lead was stained a very light pink. The boy stirred deeper and deeper, and at last he thought that the red drop was completely hidden. Every spot and streak was gone, and it seemed to him that it was all clean and white as ever. But the first thing that the painter said when he came in and looked at it was: 'That keg of white lead isn't very white. I wonder what's the matter with it.'

Some of us have tried to do the same thing with the spots in our characters that the boy did with the spot in the white paint. Instead of removing them we seek to hide them by mixing them up with good deeds and high motives. It's a very poor way. Root a sin out, and you are rid of it; leave it there and, no matter how well it is covered up, the painter will find it, if no one else does.—W. D. Hulbert, in C. E. 'World.'

The Find-the-Place Almanac.

TEXTS IN REVELATION.

Nov. 11, Sun.—Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty.

Nov. 12, Mon.—Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honor.

Nov. 13, Tues.—Behold the Lion of the tribe of Judah.

Nov. 14, Wed.—Thou hast redeemed us to God by thy blood.

Nov. 15, Thurs.—Out of every kindred and tongue and people and nation.

Nov. 16, Fri.—And hast made us unto our God kings and priests.

Nov. 17, Sat.—Conquering and to conquer.

BOYS AND GIRLS

A Consecrated Whistle.

(By Ellen K. Stevens, in The 'Sunday Friend.)

When Ethel Haven took 'that dreadful class of boys' in the Y— street Sunday school the wise and prudent shook their heads, but the superintendent knew that she possessed several important qualifications for the work, among which her piquant beauty ranked high. And, as one of the boys enthusiastically declared, she had not forgotten how it felt to be a boy. So she taught and prospered, feeling a just elation at the improvement of her unruly charges; of all, that is, but Benny Craddock.

Benny was not exactly a bad boy, but fun and mischief sparkled out all over him, and the fear of man was not before his eyes.

It was clear that something must be done about Benny.

The lesson, this particular Sunday, was Peter's miracle at the Beautiful Gate, with the text: 'Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have, give I unto thee.'

'Boys,' said Miss Haven, brightly, 'I think that text belongs especially to us. As a class, we certainly have very little money, but I am sure we each have something which we can give to the world to make people happier and better, as Peter used his gift of healing. Let us spend the rest of our time in trying to find out what our gifts are.'

'Yours, too, Miss Haven?' asked a little red-headed scamp in the further corner.

'Certainly, I would be glad to have you help me find my best gifts,' she answered, bravely, though inwardly quailing before the quizzical inspection of eight pairs of mischievous eyes.

'Huh!' broke out Benny, suddenly, 'that's dead easy. "My face is my fortune, sir, she said."'

A delighted chuckle ran down the class, and Miss Haven bit her lip; Benny, however, was quite grave. 'I mean it straight,' he said, 'and she's usin' it right, too, teaching us. That's what makes me come regular since she took us. I like to watch her talk, she looks so pretty.'

Ethel did not reprove him, but with one of those witching smiles, which had charmed older boys than he, said: 'Thank you, Benny, I will try to remember to "use it right" in other ways. Now, for the rest of you. We will take the class in turn.'

They were very much interested, and one after another awoke to a new realization of responsibility for the best use of his powers. Benny was last of all, and his freckled face was uncommonly sober as he looked wistfully up at her.

'I can't do nothin',' he said. 'I have my paper route mornin' and evenin', and errands for Cash and Barclay in between; and——' he continued more slowly, 'I've been jollyin' the crowd till they wouldn't believe I was tryin' to be nice if I was; and I don't know if I wanted to, neither!'

Ethel saw her opportunity shining through this maze of bad grammar, and her pretty face was never better worth seeing than when she said: 'Yet I know something you can do to serve God and your neighbor, You can whistle beautifully.'

Benny's head dropped in shame, and the boys nudged each other.

Miss Haven checked them with a look, and went on: 'We are not going to say a word about your use of this gift in the past; but for this next week, will you try and consecrate your whistle, just as Jack is going to do with his singing?'

A slow smile began to quirk the corners of the boy's mouth as the droll side of the suggestion struck him. 'All right,' he said at length, 'only you fellows mustn't give it away.'

Benny awoke next morning with the feeling that something had happened to break the monotony of his life. Then he remembered the whistle, and jumping up he began to practise some of the familiar hymn tunes with variations, as he performed his hasty toilet. His tired mother, bending over the frying pan in the kitchen below, heard him, and her thoughts wandered unconsciously to the days when she used to go to church.

Perhaps these old memories softened her; at any rate, she only boxed Benny's ears once before he went to work that morning, and usually the cuffs were of such frequent occurrence that dodging was one of his chief accomplishments.

The day was yet new, and few people were stirring among the fine houses in one of which a girl lay gasping for breath after a night of mental and physical agony. Life

was bright to her; she had much to live for, and yet life was ebbing fast. After fighting for months against the disease, which had smitten father and sisters before her, she had given up at last, and all night long had been treading the valley of the shadow of death, which is so much darker than death itself. Suddenly through the hush of the empty streets, came a strain so familiar that it carried its words with it:

'O Paradise! O Paradise! who doth not crave
for rest?'

She followed it through, mentally, as the flute-like notes grew faint in the distance:

'Where loyal hearts and true stand ever
in the light;
All rapture through and through in God's
most holy sight?'

And this was what she had been dreading; the rapture of Paradise! A deep peace came upon her, and she slept.

The day wore on. A stately woman sat in her carriage in front of the post office. Her face was like a mask. Every one knew that she carried a grief in her heart, the harder to bear in that it must be borne alone. Not even her pastor had ever ventured to allude to it. The footman returned and handed her a letter. She had received many in the same hand of late, but each had been consigned unread to the flames. As she held the present letter and gazed on the familiar writing, the hard lines on her face relaxed. What had brought to her mind the picture of a young girl singing in the Sabbath twilight? The shadows half enfold her slender form, her voice rings sweetly out:

'Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven to earth come down—'

The hand holding the envelope trembled. Why should that memory have come to her now?

'Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Love, unbounded love thou art'

the hymn went on. Strange, that a freckled little errand boy should be whistling that tune of all others while she was holding this letter. With a sudden impulse she broke the dainty seal.

'James,' she said, as the man helped her to alight at her own door, 'you may meet the 5.45 train on Wednesday. My daughter is coming home.'

In a restaurant, in the business centre of the town, two young men were talking over their lunch. The elder was a city-bred man, and in half-mocking, half-earnest argument was cleverly picking to pieces his companion's lame reasons for continuing here the mode of life which had been natural in his country home.

It is often hard to be laughed at, and ridicule in the hand of a social superior is an almost invincible weapon. The younger man hesitated, coloring. The temptation was strong to yield with a laughing acknowledgment of folly, but the words died upon his lips. He was listening to a whistle in the street below. How well he remembered that tune. The choir had sung it the day he joined the church, his heart full of the flame of new loyalty to the King.

'My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine.'

He threw back his head with quick determination. 'I cannot argue, Grant,' he said, 'but I believe in Jesus Christ just as much down here as I did at home, and I must live accordingly.'

To his surprise, his companion did not laugh, but, holding out his hand, said briefly: 'You are more of a man than I thought; I always respect sincerity.'

The week was wearing on, when Ethel Haven received a note by evening post which sent her to her room with blazing cheeks. It was so genuinely unexpected, this offer of marriage from one of the most prominent society men of the place. His sister had been a schoolmate of Ethel's and through this acquaintance she had met the brother, and received from him little attentions during the past winter—a new book, an occasional bunch of flowers, a look or word which had flattered her vanity, while she had never attached serious meaning to them.

But he was in earnest, then, after all. Oh, the delight of the life opening before her! No more turned dresses and cleaned gloves; no more petty economies of any kind; all the drives and concerts she wished, and a tour on the continent every summer if she liked! Ethel drew a long breath, and, taking her pen, wrote a few lines, dropped into the envelope a tiny spray of forget-me-nots from a vase on the table, and her answer was ready. It was like Ethel to act first and think second. With the note sealed, her thinking time began. Did she love him? She liked him; love would grow.

From far down the street came the sound of a whistle. Benny was using his gift. She had almost forgotten about this week of trial; her part, to give pleasure by her pretty

face, had been so easy, and it was proving her fortune more literally than the boy had imagined. She knew it was her beauty that Hugh Carston cared for. He did not know her real self; she had never been able to talk to him of her deeper feelings. Her dancing eyes grew grave as she thought of this. Would marrying Mr. Carston be using her gift aright? She knew the family so well; kind-hearted, entertaining, but, alas! utterly irreligious.

Ethel thought of her quiet Sundays, filled with church services and Sunday school, reading good books and rest of body and soul, and contrasted them with the day of visiting and merrymaking of the Carston household. Then she shook her shoulders impatiently. She could arrange all that after marriage. Certainly no one could expect a girl to refuse such a chance for the sake of a few scruples, especially when she was an orphan and grudgingly granted houseroom by uncongenial relatives.

Why did not that boy move on? He had been whistling that one tune under her window for an irritating while, though she had not noticed what it was before. Now, the familiar words seemed slowly burning into her mind:

'In the hours of trial, plead for me;
Lest by base denial I depart from thee.'

It would be departing from Jesus to marry this man. She might try to deceive herself into thinking he would change his life to please her, but she knew better. He loved her as he did his fine pictures and rare books, for the ornament that she would be to his home,that was all. Well; why would that boy keep standing there? She could not give up this wealth and what it meant to her.

'When thou seest me waver, by a look recall,
Nor for fear or favor suffer me to fall.'

He was looking at her now. Ethel's head went down upon the desk for one brief moment, then, with an impulsive movement, she tore her note across and tossed it into the waste-basket.

Going to the window, she saw Benny leaning against the railing, and called his name. The whistle ceased, and a dismal voice responded: 'Say, I want to tell yer somethin'.'

In a moment more she was by his side, and, even in the twilight, could see that he had a black eye of colossal proportions, and his usually alert form was drooping. 'Say!' he said, 'you've got to let me off. This gift enterprise ain't what it's cracked up to be.'

'I know it is hard, Benny,' she replied, feelingly. 'Tell me what your trouble has been.'

'I wouldn't care, if it had been any good,' said the boy, with a choke in his voice, 'but I know it hasn't. And I've had to lick three fellers for callin' me pious.'

Ethel could not restrain a smile as she interrupted: 'From the color of that eye, I am afraid you got the worst of it.'

'Huh! You should see the other feller!' he replied, contemptuously. ''Twasn't that I minded, but father licked me for fightin', and then old Beers, down at the saloon, you know, he—he gave me a horse-whippin' for whistlin' "Home, Sweet Home" three nights runnin' outside his place. Said it was bad for the biz.'

'Oh, Benny!' gasped Ethel, flushing. 'But don't you see, that shows, at least, that you were doing some good? My little Peter, I am proud of you!'

He shook his head. 'The Peter business is mostly peterin' out,' he said, quaintly. 'That old Peter had the soft snap, anyway. Just healin' was mighty pretty work, and couldn't have hurt him any.'

With a new enthusiasm for the old story, she told him of Peter's after-sufferings resulting from that miracle—the imprisonment, threats, and beating—concluding with a spirited rendering of the grand words: 'And they departed from the presence of the council, rejoicing that they were counted worthy of his name.'

Benny straightened himself. 'He wasn't such a molly, after all, that Peter,' he said. 'I should hate to be beaten out of pluck! Say, Miss Haven, I believe I'll have to keep it up.'

The tears rushed to her eyes. 'So will I, Benny,' she whispered, 'though I, too, was near giving up to-night.'

The boy stared, incredulously.

'We will keep this for a secret between just you and me,' she went on, in her usual cheery voice. 'Nobody else need know how nearly we both failed, nor how we helped each other to be brave. But let me give you a word of advice, which I think will make your part easier. When the boys make fun of you, do not fight them; they know you can do that; just laugh and go on whistling. They will soon tire of teasing which does not tease.

'Now, if you do not mind waiting a little longer, come into the kitchen, where Norah will give you a bit of supper, while I write a note for you to mail for me. Will you?'

'Sure!' responded the boy, heartily. And so it came to pass that a little later Ethel stood at her window listening, while her opportunity of riches faded away in the distance to the tune of 'Onward, Christian Soldiers.'

And she knew that in this hour of trial she had risen one step nearer God's idea of her, and that her means of grace had been Benny Craddock's consecrated whistle.

Marcia Townsend's Commonplaces.

(Arthur L. Tubbs, in 'Presbyterian.')

Marcia hung up her dishpan with a bang. 'There!' she said, with a tired sigh, which told of discontent and unsatisfied longing, 'that is done once more. Dear me, washing dishes is such a common thing to do, for a girl of my age who has aspirations. I think it's hard.'

With a few listless movements of the broom the young girl brushed the kitchen floor and swept the back steps. Then she removed her apron and went out into the front yard. It was June and the little space in front of the farmhouse was spread with a mantle of green, embroidered over with the buds and blossoms of the old-fashioned roses. The flowers spread out into the road like truant children. But the roses were one of Marcia's 'commonplaces,' and their sweetness was lost upon her. Nor did the loveliness of the summer twilight, hushed and radiant with the beauties of sunset, arouse anything but longing in her heart. She leaned over the front gate and looked down the long, narrow and deserted road.

'Oh, if I could only get away from here,' she thought, 'I know I am capable of something better than this; but I can't accomplish anything in this poky place.'

Marcia was fifteen, but she seemed older.

It was indeed a lonely place that Marcia Townsend called her home; a little farmhouse two miles from the village, with only the roof of one dwelling in sight, half a mile away. It was a cozy little house, and the farm a prosperous one, for Marcia's father was fairly well-to-do, but nothing that her home or its surroundings offered could satisfy the longing of the young girl's life. Much depended upon her, for her mother had died several years before and her father had only her for his housekeeper, while the children looked to her in place of their mother. Her duties were not over-arduous, for Gracie was nearly eleven and Tom was eight, so that they were able to help her in many ways. But, although her life was a useful one, it was a half-hearted usefulness, and she was not happy.

Marcia stood by the gate alone. Mr. Townsend had gone to the village on an errand and had taken the younger children with him. As she looked down the road, Marcia saw in the distance a little cloud of dust, which grew larger and larger as it drew nearer. Soon it began to assume definite shape and she saw that it was a horse running away. Marcia never knew what prompted her to do as she did, nor how she had the courage to do it, but, springing into the road, she ran alongside the horse for a brief space, seized his bridle and brought him to a standstill. Not until it was all over and she was leaning back against the fence wiping the dust out of her eyes, did Marcia realize what she had done, or see for whom she had done it. Then she saw a radiant vision—for thus it seemed to her. A girl of about her own age was climbing out of a dogcart and coming toward her; a girl in a beautiful dress of pink and white, a large hat covered with white plumes and pink roses drooping gracefully over a profusion of fluffy golden curls, and Oh, the prettiest face she had ever seen. Almost before Marcia knew it, there were two soft arms about her neck and a pair of lovely lips were pressing hers.

'I don't care, I'm just going to kiss you,' said the pink and white young lady. 'You've saved my life, and I shall love you as long as I live.'

Marcia could not say a word.

'You're a perfect heroine. I might have been dashed to pieces if it hadn't been for you. Dandy was runnig away and he might have thrown me into a stone wall or something. Oh, I must kiss you again!'

Marcia submitted in half-unwilling blissfulness, and when it was over she found her voice.

'I didn't do anything. Why, he's only a pony, anyway, and I don't believe you would have got hurt.'

'Killed, most likely, and you saved me. I envy you. Not saving me, of course, but being a real live heroine like in a book. And how I've longed to be one, and there I had to go and be the one to be rescued.'

'Aren't you afraid he will run away again?' and Marcia looked at the pony left standing alone in the road.

'Oh, no; he'll be glad enough to stand still after that run. You see, I got out to pick some dandelions, and just as I was getting in, and before I could get hold of the lines, something frightend him, and away he went. Is this where you live?' with a glance at the house.

'Yes,' said Marcia.

'Why don't you call it Rose Cottage, it's so pretty and romantic? I should love to live here.'

The country girl did not reply, but she felt an inward rebellion at the other's enthusiasm.

'What is your name? Mine's Clara Dalton.'

'Marcia Townsend.'

'Oh, that is pretter'n mine,' said Clara, 'and a regular heroine name, too. Oh, I want to thank you over and over, Marcia, for hav-

ing saved my life, and I shall remember it always and be your friend. May I?'

'If you like,' answered Marcia, rather doubtfully.

'Like? Well, I guess so, after what's happend. I must go now, but I 'll come over again and see you. Colonel Dalton's my father; we are staying at Mrs. Crosby's for the summer.'

'Are you?' and the question came in a half-awed tone. Mrs. Crosby was the rich Philadelphia lady, who owned a handsome residence near the village and spent her summers there.

'Yes; Mrs. Crosby is my Aunt Constance. We'll be here until October. Mayn't I come over and see you often—Marcia? I'm going to call you that.'

'Y—yes, do,' faltered Marcia,as she watched the other get into the pretty little dog-cart.

'Thank you, and you must come and see me, too. We are going to be very good friends. Good-bye!' and away went girl, pony and cart. Marcia watched them until they were out of sight, and then she wondered if it were not all a dream, and whether it was not a fairy princess she had seen.

She did not tell her father or the children what had happened, although there was little else on her mind and she lay awake half of that night thinking about it. The next day, while she was washing the dishes after the mid-day meal, little Tom came running in with his face glowing with excitement.

'Oh, Marcia!' he cried, 'there's a carriage out here, and it's stopped. What do you s'pose they want?'

Before she could reply or dry her hands and remove her apron there was a light rap outside the kitchen door and Marcia beheld Clara Dalton coming in without further ceremony.

'I didn't wait, Marcia,' she began, 'I was in a hurry. Papa and Aunt Constance are out here in the carriage, and they want to see you.'

'Me?' faltered Marcia. 'Oh, I can't—'

'Yes, you can. They came over on purpose to see you, and you needn't be a bit afraid.'

But Marcia was afraid, and she blushed and trembled as she accompanied Clara out to the carriage, and her gaze fell before that of the elegant lady and the dignified gentleman who greeted her so kindly.'

'So this is the little heroine?' said Colonel Dalton, reaching out to take her hand. 'My dear, how can we ever thank you for what you have done for us?'

'I—I didn't do much of anything, sir—'

'O my! papa, yes she did. It's just as I told you. She's the bravest girl I ever saw,' interrupted Clara.

'Yes, it was a brave deed,' continued the colonel, 'and we owe you a debt of gratitude which we cannot hope to pay. Won't you get in and take a ride with us, my dear? You shall sit on the seat with Clara.'

'I—I can't, sir, thank you,' said Marcia, 'I have too much to do and—'

'Why yes, papa,' put in the impulsive-Clara, 'she's got to wash the dishes and see to the children and lots of things. She's the housekeeper.'

Marcia blushed, even more confused than before, and half-ashamed to acknowledge the homely duties which detained her. But Colonel Dalton encouraged her with a friendly smile.

'Ah, then I must admire you all the more,' he said. 'What say you to a ride this evening, after sundown? Could you go then?'

'Oh, yes, sir,' and Marcia's face grew radiant. 'I could go then after six.'

And so it was arranged and the ride in the elegant carriage, behind the spirited horses, marked the dawn of a new era in Marcia Townsend's life. It was the first of many pleasures which came to her through her new friends,and she grew richer by many handsome presents which they made her from time to time. In vain she declined the honor of being called a heroine, and said that stopping a runaway horse was a feat 'as old as the hills' anyway, and only proved that she could do nothing beyond the commonplace; they thought differently, and treated her accordingly.

The summer days lost themselves in the swiftly passing weeks, and soon the varied hues of autumn began to appear, and Marcia realized that the time for parting with her new friends was drawing near. The thought filled her with her old forlornness and again she grew morose and disconsolate.

'I don't like to feel so,' she said to Clara one afternoon as they were parting at the farmhouse gate, ' but I can't help it. Pretty soon you will be gone. Mrs. Crosby's house will be closed up, and then will come the long, lonesome winter. Oh, dear, I can't bear it!' and then there was a flood of tears, and Clara's arms were about her neck, but her affectionate words could not give comfort.

'You don't realize it,' said Marcia, 'you can't. I just wash dishes and see to things all the time, the same thing over and over, and—I won't see you again for eight months. Oh, dear!'

'But I'll write,' said Clara, 'every week, and tell you everything, and send you papers, and—I guess it won't seem so very long.'

But even hopeful Clara knew that eight months would be a long time and her own heart felt a bit of her friend's loneliness. But there was a great surprise in store for them—a surprise, which, as Marcia said, 'fairly took her breath away, and seemed almost too good to be true.' It was all arranged between Col. Dalton and Mr. Townsend before anything was said to the girls about it, and the surprise was complete. Marcia was to go home with her city friends for a visit of six weeks, or even longer. Mr. Townsend engaged Mrs. Trollopp, a faithful old lady from the village, to come and keep house for him, and declared that there was no reason why he could not get along. And so Marcia went.

The parting with her father and the children had been a sad one to Marcia, and she had not gone many miles toward the great city ere she wished nothing so much as that she were at home again, even in the little kitchen, washing the despised dishes. Long before they reached their journey's end Marcia was miserably homesick, and as her friends led her into the big waiting room ablaze with electric lights, and then out again into the noisy streets, where a carriage was waiting for them, she thought of nothing but the little farmhouse and the dear ones there.

The carriage rolled along the gaily-lighted streets, while Marcia sat back in the corner of the seat and said not a word. Clara was so animated and joyful at being home again that she chatted away to herself and almost forgot the little country girl at her side.

'Here we are!' she cried, as the carriage stopped before a fine and imposing mansion on an elegant square. 'Come, Marcia, we are home. Aren't you glad?'

But Marcia was not at home, and she wasn't glad. She was amazed at the magnificence of the house into which she went—at its immense hall, great staircase and its beautiful rooms opening into each other; at the spacious dining-room, with its rare china and silver, and she was awed at the sight of the sedate servants who waited upon them, but none of it made her happy. She was too choked with tears to eat. It was all wonderful and bewildering to poor, meek little Marcia, and she grew more and more homesick. She brightened up a bit after dinner, when Clara took her into a few of the big rooms downstairs, and gave her a glimpse of the many treasures which the house contained; but the loneliness returned double-fold in a few moments, and she went to bed in a dainty room adjoining Clara's, to weep herself into dreams of home.

The days that followed were full of sight-seeing and undreamed-of pleasures, but our little heroine could not rid herself of the homesick feeling which overshadowed all her joys.

Two weeks had passed away, the longest that Marcia ever had known, when one afternoon, after coming in from another pleasure trip, she went to Mrs. Crosby, who was alone in her little sewing-room, and, sitting down close by her side, burst into a passion of tears.

Aunt Constance, as Marcia also had learned to call her, looked on in perfect amazement.

'Why, my dear,' she said, 'what is the trouble? What has happened?'

But Marcia could not reply. The tears which had been held back so many times when they had sought to flow, now came forth in an uncontrollable flood. Aunt Constance's kind words and tender caresses only made them flow the faster, and so she waited for them to subside. When Marcia found that she could speak, she said:

'I—I want to go home.'

'Home, my dear?' said Aunt Constance, in surprise. 'Why, aren't you having a good time here?'

'Y—yes, ma'am, but please—Oh, please let me go home!'

'But, Marcia, you have been with us only two weeks, and your visit was to be for six at least.'

'Oh, I can't, Aunt Constance, I can't,' faltered the homesick girl, vainly seeking to dry her tears. 'It's so long, and there's papa, and Tom, and Gracie—I do want to see them so. Can't I go?'

Aunt Constance need not have been very wise to know what was the trouble, and she assured Marcia that she should go home as soon as ever she wished.

'To-morrow, may I?' cried Marcia, brightening up.

'Hardly so soon as that, my dear, but the next day, perhaps. We will see.'

Marcia went down stairs again, happier than she had been since she came to the city, She was going home! It was the gladdest thought she possibly could have had. Clara was astonished and not a little vexed when she heard that her friend was to leave so soon. At first she would not believe it, and when she was convinced she cried:

'Why, Marcia Townsend, I guess you're crazy! You want to go home worse than you wanted to come. I thought you were so anxious to get away from that "poky place," as you called it, and "see something."'

'I was,' owned Marcia, 'but it's different since I got away. I sha'n't feel that way any more.'

And she din't. She went back to the farm in spite of all that Clara, or any of them could say or do. Mr. Dalton took her home on the promised day. It was dark when they arrived at the little station, and there was a ride of several miles over a lonely road before the Townsend farmhouse came in sight. There was a light gleaming from the kitchen window, and it was a beacon of hope and

joy to Marcia's happy heart. Her arrival home was quite unexpected, and Mr. Townsend was also speechless with surprise when he opened the door and saw who was standing on the steps.

'Oh, papa!' cried Marcia, weeping tears of joy, as she was folded in his capacious arms. Then the children had to be kissed over and over again, and Marcia went about the plain little rooms, feeling as if everything they contained were a priceless treasure. Only those who have been homesick and come home can realize what she felt. The supper had been finished just before the arrival of the travellers, but Mrs. Trollopp soon had another prepared, and Mr. Dalton and Marcia sat down together. Marcia was much too excited to eat; she chatted merrily to the little brother and sister who clung about her chair and got up in the middle of the meal to again kiss her father, who was quite as glad to have her home again as she was to be there.

Marcia insisted upon wiping the supper dishes for Mrs. Trollopp. 'I want to,' she said. 'I feel as if I loved every dish and even the dishpan. I shall never grumble about washing dishes again.'

The village folk and Marcia's country friends said that she was very foolish, and did not appreciate her privileges, and many a time she was twitted with being homesick in the big city, and having to come home before her visit was half over; and she never denied it.

But Marcia had learned a lesson. She complained no more about her 'commonplaces,' and her household cares were no longer a cross. She had learned that home, be it ever so humble, is the dearest spot on earth, and that what we call our 'commonplaces' are often the very things on which our happiness depends.

The Coral-Pink Cloud.

It was not a cloud in the sky, though it might have been a very black one from the shadow that crept after it, but a dainty fabric of soft wool with silk stripes of a paler shade, and when Carrie Brown saw one end of it peeping out of a bundle which Mrs. Marsden had sent to the kitchen to be burned, her whole soul rebelled against the order.

'It must be a mistake; it's a sin and a shame to burn such a lovely thing,' she said to herself as she stood in hat and jacket waiting for her day's wages. Mrs. Marsden's house had just been papered and cleaned, and Carrie had been helping for a few days before going to a new place which Mrs. Marsden had just got for her.

'No, there can be no harm in my taking it,' thought Carrie. 'It is only going to be burnt, and no one will ever know.'

Carrie Brown had been well taught. She had been in Mrs. Marsden's Bible class for years, and knew her catechism by heart. She had often and often repeated the words 'to keep my hands from picking and stealing' and now conscience whispered loudly that the pretty pink cloud, whatever be its destination, did not belong to her. 'If it has been put here by mistake, you ought to tell Mrs. Marsden about it; there is plenty of time,' the inward voice repeated. But love of finery was pretty Carrie's besetting sin. She listened to the tempter, and neglected to seek the help God would have given her; and instead of resolutely turning away from the enticing cloud, she tucked its end into the bundle, and when Mrs. Marsden with a few kind words had paid her, and Carrie was in the street, it was with the coral-pink cloud, wrapped up in brown paper, tucked safely away under her arm.

Carrie's new place was with a sister of Mrs. Marsden, who lived at a pretty little seaside town a few miles off. Mrs. Sylvester was a very nice lady with one child, a dear little mite of four. Carrie Brown, who was a pleasant-temperd, nice-mannered girl, loved children dearly, and soon became very fond of little Miss Kathie, and would have been very happy if it had not been for the coral-pink cloud. She knew well how wrong it was to take it, and for a long time, too, she felt afraid to put it on, much as she would have liked to wear so pretty a thing. When at last the temptation became too strong, she would hide it until she got outside the house, and take it off again before she came in, keeping it always in her little tin trunk. But one summer afternoon, when Carrie was to have a holiday, and was getting herself ready, she had put the pink cloud on her bed, when there came a rap at her door and little Kathleen ran in. Her quick eyes were caught at once by the bright color.

'Oh! Callie, how pitty,' she lisped. 'Kattie must try it on,' and in a moment the soft pink wool was round her neck.

Carrie, who doted on the child, let her

A SIN AND A SHAME TO BURN SUCH A LOVELY THING.

amuse herself with it, and the little one, with her brown eyes and rosy cheeks, did look a darling in it.

At last Carrie grew impatient, and said, 'Now, Miss Kathie, let me take it off.'

But Kathie had the coral-pink cloud in her possession, and did not mean to part with it; there was a saucy look in her brown eyes as she sidled to the open door, and before Carrie could stop her, with a merry laugh and the triumphant exclamation, 'Kattie dot it now,' she darted downstairs with one pink end dragging behind her.

'Why, Kathie, whatever have you got on? and a train, too, like the little queen you are?' exclaimed Herbert Ingram, Kathie's big cousin, who had just got home. 'Jump, Kathie,' said Herbert from the mat at the stair foot.

Kathleen gave a scream of delight as he caught her in his arms, pink cloud and all.

Carrie was terrified lest Mrs. Sylvester should hear the noise and come out of the drawing-room; but she happened to be very busy just then.

'Oh, please, sir,' said Carrie, 'make Miss Kathie take that scarf off. It is too hot for her in the house.'

'No, no,' cried Kathie, and signs of a storm appeared on her pretty little face, but she was very fond of Herbert, who idolized all children, and had clever ways of managing them.

He gently unwound the wrap, and giving Kathleen a kiss, 'There, little sweetheart,' he said, 'we must not keep it if nurse says no; but I will try it on myself first.'

He twisted it round his dark head, and looked so comical that Kathie gave another scream and Carrie herself burst out laughing.

'Here, nurse,' he said, and to Carrie's intense relief, the coral-pink scarf was again in her hands, and she ran upstairs with it.

But Kathie did not forget. She had quite fallen in love with the pretty color, and for the next few days poor Carrie had a bad time. She was obliged once to let the child put it on, and the fear of detection and her uneasy conscience made her wretched.

Her terrors were self-inflicted, for Mrs. Sylvester had matters of much greater moment to think of. Fever had broken out in Seacombe, at first in a row of cottages under the west cliff, and then in other parts of the town. Mrs. Sylvester warned Carrie not to take Kathleen anywhere but to the open beach, or along the country roads, but the shadow was creeping nearer, and one sultry afternoon little Kathie complained of her throat; she was put to bed, but was no better next morning, and the whole house seemed to grow dark.

Mrs. Sylvester did not wish Carrie to run any risk of infection, and tried to nurse the little one alone; but Kathie and her nurse were fast friends, and Carrie begged hard to be allowed to help. Mrs. Sylvester yielded; but Carrie found it a greater trial than she expected, for Kathie kept calling for 'Callie's cowd,' and her mother said at last,

'What can it be the child means? Do you know, Carrie?'

Carrie grew very hot.

'Yes, ma'am,' she said. 'I think it is my pink scarf Miss Kathie wants, she seems somehow to have taken a fancy to it.'

'Go and fetch it then,' said Mrs. Sylvester. 'I can't have the little darling fretting like this.'

So Carrie had to go, and soon the coral-pink cloud was again on little Kathie. The sick child seemed more content with it wrapped about her, and when Carrie was out of the room, Mrs. Sylvester looked at it

'It is very queer,' she thought, 'but this is exactly like the one I made for Grace. I could almost be sure it is the same, but she would never have given it away.'

Just then the front door bell rang. Carrie opened it, and her red eyes, for she was broken-hearted about little Kathleen, made Mrs. Marsden exclaim, as her bright face clouded over, 'I hope nothing is amiss, Carrie?'

'Oh, please, ma'am, Miss Kathie is very bad,' and her apron went again to her eyes.

Mrs. Marsden looked distressed, and when, a few minutes after, her sister came down looking very sad, her alarm increased.

'I did not expect you to-day, dear,' said Mrs. Sylvester, 'but I am very glad you have come. My poor little darling seems very ill, and I am not sure what it is. Will you come up?'

They went slowly upstairs. 'I do hope it is no fever,' said Kathleen's mother. 'I have been so careful, and Carrie is quite sure she has not been near any house where it is.'

They had reached the sick room.

'Is auntie come?' said Kathie, in a joyful, but weak little voice, and her languid eyes tried to smile as she put out a hot little hand. Mrs. Marsden bent over her.

'Yes, yes, darling, auntie has come,' she said. 'Kathie must be quick and get well now. But what have you got on, my pet?'

Mrs. Marsden could hardly keep back a cry of horror as she took up the end of the coral-pink cloud. Drawing her sister aside,

'For mercy sake,' she said, 'take that off your Kathie at once; it is the very cloud you made for me last year, and which my Beatie wore when she had fever so badly. When our house was cleaned I gave Marsh strict orders to burn all those things. But there is no trusting anyone. I am afraid there is no doubt what is the matter with poor Kathie.'

'It is Carrie Brown's scarf,' said Mrs. Sylvester. 'I thought it very like the one I made, but could not understand how she came to have it. We must find out at once about it.'

That night Carrie's fate fell. She confessed, with many tears, that the pink cloud, which had to be taken at the cost of a tearful struggle from little Kathleen, had been stolen from the bundle which was condemned to the flames.

'Have you worn it here?' Mrs. Sylvester asked; and she found, for Carrie told the whole truth now, that it had been displayed at the very cottage where fever had first apeared, and that it was the coral-pink cloud which had brought the fatal epidemic into Seacombe.

Carrie sobbed bitterly during her confession, after which Mrs. Marsden made her put the fatal cloud with her own hands upon the fire, where it was soon reduced to ashes.

'It can do no more harm now,' she said, 'but there is no telling how much it has done already. I feel to blame myself, for not seeing that bundle burnt. Poor dear little Kathie!'

'Oh, ma'am, do you think she will die?' sobbed Carrie.

'We hope not,' said Mrs. Marsden, 'but what you thought such a small sin has caused all this trouble.'

'Master Herbert had it on, too, one day, when he was playing with Miss Kathie,' said Carrie with a fresh burst of tears.

Mrs. Marsden looked at her sister. Herbert Ingram had gone back to St. Michael's carrying the germs of fever with him, and they had only heard that morning that fever had broken out there and the school was closed.

'Behold how great matter a little fire kindleth,' says St. James, and from one seemingly little dishonest act untold sorrow and misery had sprung.

Seacombe had never known such a summer. It was a close, damp season: the fever raged for months, and the pretty little watering place was all but ruined. There were many deaths, among them that of poor little Kathleen Sylvester. She fell asleep one bright September morning. The house was desolate, and her parents overwhelmed with grief; but perhaps no one was so much to be pitied as Carrie Brown. She herself escaped the fever, though often and often she wished she might catch it and die. There was no need for anyone to say a word to her about her sin. Its consequences were all around her, and she often felt as if she could never be happy again.

Mrs. Sylvester felt very sorry for the poor girl, and with great kindness kept her in her service. She did not repent this, when she herself fell ill, and Carrie became her faithful and devoted nurse.

When the doctor said, that under God, his patient owed her life to this careful nurse, Carrie began to look up a little again.

The fever was stamped out of Seacombe by a sharp winter, and the next summer recoverd in some measure its prosperity. Carrie Brown remained many years with Mrs. Sylvester, and little Kathleen's brothers and sisters were never weary of sounding their dear nurse's praise. To their mother she was a treasure beyond price, but Carrie herself bore her honors meekly, for she could never forget that fatal summer, nor the dark shadow cast over her life by the 'coral-pink cloud.'

Burying the Hatchet.

Rob, with a box in his arms and a spade over his shoulder, had slipped quietly around the house and into the garden. He hoped Dot would not discover him until her unfortunate chicken, which lay in the box covered with roses and clover-blossoms, was safely buried.

The chicken, during its brief life, had not ben a source of unmixed joy to anyone but Dot; for it was a motherless chick that she had found and brought into the house, and as soon as it was strong enough to run about it followed her everywhere with its ceaseless 'Chirp, chirp!' in a way that was very inconvenient. It was constantly under foot, endangering its own neck and making people uncomfortable; but, as Dot's pet, it was tolerated by everybody but the cat. Tabby failed to see any reason for treating it with respect; and so one day she pounced upon it, and choked it out of existence.

Dot had covered her favorite with tears and flowers; and Rob, at his mother's suggestion, had tried to spare the small maiden the grief of witnessing the burial. But the attempt was vain. A shrill voice called, 'Rob, what are you doing?' And in a moment Dot's inquisitive eyes were taking in the whole scene. Fortunately, she found it so interesting as to lighten in some degree its mournfulness.

'I'm glad you're making it in such a pretty place, Robby,' she said. 'I s'pose chicky was a good deal in the way. Mother says so. And, anyway, she'd have been a big hen pretty soon; and that wouldn't have been so nice. But I'll never like Tabby again, not one bit!'

'Oh, see here now, Sis, Tabby didn't know any better!' said Rob, in goodnatured expostulation. 'She's only a cat, and she didn't understand that you'd made a pet of this particular bunch of feathers. Being cross at her won't bring chicky back again. So you'd better bury the hatchet, and be friends.'

'What would I bury a hatchet for?' asked Dot, more impressed by that strange advice than by her brother's reasoning.

Rob laughed.

'That means to stop quarrelling—not to be angry any more. When Indians have been at war with each other and are ready to be friends, they bury a hatchet. That's a sign that they're willing to stop fighting.'

'Do folks always stop fussing after the hatchet is buried?' asked Dot.

'Of course; that's what it means.'

Dot watched the smoothing of the ground with thoughtful face, and walked back to the house by Rob's side in unusual silence.

The family had finished dinner when Fred, Rob's senior by two years, came to the door with a sharp call.

'Rob, where have you put the axe?'

'Nowhere. I haven't had it,' answered Rob, promptly. But the reply did not satisfy Fred. 'Yes, you have. You must have had it if you'd only take the trouble to think. You're always carrying things off and forgetting where you put them. Come out and hunt it up!'

Fred was in a hurry, and decidedly impatient; and Rob's face flushed at the order.

'Hunt it up yourself, if you want it. I tell you I haven't had it, and I don't know anything about it.'

'But you must have done something with it,' persisted Fred; 'for it isn't in the toolhouse, and I know I left it there.'

'You know a good many things you aren't sure of,' returned Bob.

This sort of jarring was far from uncommon. Fred was inclined to be dictatorial on the ground of being the elder; and Rob was so determined not to be imposed upon that he was often irritating and disobliging by way of showing his independence.

'Boys!' interposed the mother's grieved, reproving voice. But anything more that she might have said was drowned in a wail from Dot.

'It didn't do it! I tried, and it isn't true! Rob said, if you buried a hatchet, folks wouldn't quarrel any more. I couldn't find any hatchet. So I dragged the axe down, and buried it 'side of Chicky. And you boys fuss worse'n ever!'

The boys looked at each other with a shame-faced smile gradually displacing the flush of anger.

'Where did she put it!' asked Fred, in a tone that had lost its sharpness.

'I'll show you,' Rob answered.

There was very little trouble in finding the missing implement, for Dot was not a success at digging. Then Fred met his brother's eyes, and laughed.

'I'm afraid she didn't get it deep enough for a lasting peace. But I say, Rob, we might be a little better-tempered without hurting ourselves. I'll try it, if you will.'

'Agreed,' said Rob.

And, to this day, when clouds arise in the Lincoln household, some one is sure to ask, 'Isn't it about time to drag the axe into the garden?'—Kate W. Hamilton, in 'Christian Uplook.'

He Drove Out the Bhoot.

A missionary in India says that a man came to him saying:

'Sir, my little girl is troubled with a bhoot (devil); please give me some medicine to drive him out.'

'How does the bhoot show itself?'

'If we approach to take her up, she screams like mad. She seems to be afraid of her own father and mother.'

'How long has she been like this?'

'For a month.'

'Has she fallen from the bed, and broken arm or leg?'

'Oh, no, sir, she has not fallen, nor broken anything; it is the bhoot that torments her.'

'Well, bring her and let me see the child.'

'How can we bring her twenty miles? She will not let us carry her for five minutes without screaming.'

'Put her on a bed, a bamboos and two ropes, and let two men bring her. Otherwise she will scream till she is dead! Bring her or she is doomed; and be quick about it, otherwise it will be too late.'

I frightened him enough to bring the child. While I examined her she screamed with all her might. If I had given up I would have stood there like an imbecile, and she would have been doomed. Finally I found the radius of her right arm broken, put it in splints, and then the bhoot turned right-about-face and left for good; we never saw the devil again.

The arm had been broken, and broken again. Every time they took the child up they rebroke the forming tissues of the bone. So she screamed, for which she was declared to be possessed with a devil. Now, after setting the arm she slept like a top, and no bhoot troubled her any more.

The sufferings endured by the victims of heathenish superstition and ignorance are beyond description. The merciful relief of suffering and the skilful healing of disease are seen where the religion of Jesus Christ is known and his character imitated.—'Union Gospel News.'

The Chamois and Hunter.

(J. K. Bloomfield, in 'American Messenger.')

The chamois inhabits not only the Alps, but other high mountains of Europe and Western Asia. It is a species of antelope, about the size of the goat, though the neck is longer in proportion to the body, and the horns seldom more than six or seven inches long.

The flesh of the chamois is considered excellent. Then some of the fattest animals afford ten or twelve pounds of suet, which far surpasses that of the goat in goodness. And the smooth, black horns, with their hooked end, are often made use of for the heads of canes, and are readily purchased by the tourist. But most valued of all is the skin. It is very strong and supple. Undervests and gloves are made of it, and it is put to various other uses, as you know.

This swift-footed and graceful little creature feeds in small flocks, on the highest cliffs and precipices affording vegetation. In winter it descends to the lower forests, and it is then the hunter goes in pursuit of it.

It is difficult to approach the chamois when there are many together, for when in flocks they have a sentinel placed on the point of some rock that commands all the avenues of their pasturage. If it discovers a beast of prey or a hunter it makes a hissing sound, when the most experienced one puts himself at the head of the herd, and they bound along one after the other into the most inaccessible places.

To the hunters the pursuit of these little animals is an enticing one. They love their wild and dangerous calling, as the sailor loves the sea. Most of the chamois hunters have been born and brought up to their calling. Their fathers and grandfathers, perhaps, have followed the same perilous life, and from their earliest childhood their imaginations have been excited by stories of the chase.

The women who share the homes of these hunters look upon their husbands and brothers, it is said, as the greatest heroes in the world. When they return from the chase bringing their game, and relate the stories of their hairbreadth escapes, which are by no means uncommon, they find a warm welcome and an appreciative audience. Sometimes, though, the hunters are watched for in vain, and then they are mourned for in the mountain cottages, as for a hero slain in battle.

Though in a dangerous pursuit, the hunters are not reckless except under great excitement in securing their game. Then, too, by going in companies of two or three, they generally are more likely to meet with success in capturing the game, and if an accident occurs to one of them the others are there to assist.

As night comes on, one often passes it in perfect trust upon the bare rock or a heap of stones, and for supper he takes from his bag a bit of cheese and some of the barley bread, which are their ordinary food. This bread is so hard that he often has to cleave it with an axe that he always carries with him to cut steps to serve as a ladder up the cliffs of ice.

Fannie's Bouquet.

(By Pansy.)

She wandered about the house, looking very sober.

'I don't know what to do,' she said, to every one who would listen to her. 'Next week is exhibition at our school, and I am to speak if I get a piece, and there is to be a prize for the one who speaks the best, and I can't find anything to learn, and mamma can't help me, she is so busy making cakes and things.' And the story always closed with a long sigh. Grandfather heard it, and thought about it a good deal. At last, one day he said:

'What if grandfather finds you something to learn?'

'Oh, Grandpa,' said Fanny, 'will you ? Why, grandpa, I didn't know you knew any book that had pieces in; I thought you only read big books like the Bible and such things.'

'Wouldn't a piece out of the Bible do ?'

Fanny looked sober. 'I'm afraid not, grandpa. They never have them out of the Bible; they have poetry,

you know, and things about flowers and trees, and such.'

'Flowers and trees! Why, there's many a pretty thing in the Bible about flowers and trees.' But still Fanny shook her head.

'I'll tell you what it is,' said grandpa, 'I'll get a piece ready for you; I'll have it ready by to-morrow night, and I'll help you learn it, if you will speak it at the school just as I arrange it; and, if you don't get the prize, I'll give you one myself.'

'Well, I will,' said Fanny, and she looked very happy. She was sure of a prize now.

The piece was learned, and recited to grandpa a great many times out in the arbor, he showing her how she ought to say it.

At last came the day for the exhibition. Fannie was dressed in white, and had a bouquet in her hand. Nearly all of the girls laughed at her queer bouquet. This is what it was made of:

Five great lilies, beautiful red and yellow and white; a piece of grape-vine, with the roots and earth clinging to it; a lovely bunch of grasses, just freshly gathered, with the sparkle like dew on them, and a bunch of faded and withered grasses, that had dried in the sun for a week; and right in the middle of them all was a large ear of corn in the husk, saved from last year's harvest.

She went upon the platform with this strange bouquet in her hand. Neither girls nor teacher could imagine what she did it for, but in a little while they knew. She laid her bouquet on the table, and commenced her piece:

'Lo, the winter is past; the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, the fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell. The vine shall give her fruit and the ground shall give her increase, and the heaven shall give her dew.'

As she repeated that last verse she held up her lovely grape-vine. With the other hand she took a withered branch that had been broken off, and the leaves were withered and wilted and dead, and she recited:

'A branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine. Jesus said: "I am the vine, ye are the branches. He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit."'

As she laid them on the table she said: 'Herein is my father glorified, and ye bear much fruit.'

Next she took the branch that had roots clinging to it, and held it up, as she said: 'This was planted in a good soil, by great waters, that it might bring forth branches, and that it might bear fruit, that it might be a goodly vine; the root of the righteous shall not be moved.

There were some tiny bunches of green grapes just starting in the branch, and she took hold of one of these as she said: 'Yea, they have taken root, they grow: Yea, they bring forth fruit; the root of the righteous yieldeth fruit.'

And as she laid them down she said: 'The fruit of the righteous is a tree of life.'

Next she took in one hand the great glowing rose, and in the other some waxen lilies of the valley. The real ones were all gone, but these were so real you could almost smell them. As she held them up for all to see, she said in a low, sweet voice: 'He is the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley.'

Next she took her bunch of glowing lilies, and said: 'And why take ye thought for raiment! Consider the lilies how they grow; they toil not, they spin not, and yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.'

As she turned to pick out her grasses, she said, 'And God said, Let the earth bring forth grass.'

Then she held it up and said, 'And the tender grass showeth itself. Thus saith the Lord that made thee, I will pour my blessing upon thine offspring, and they shall spring up as among the grass.'

Then she laid it down, and took up the faded grass, and said: 'The sun is no sooner risen with a burning heat, but it withereth the grass, and the grace of the fashion of it perisheth. All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field.'

In the other hand she took her little bunch of faded roses, and as she held them out, withered grass and faded flowers, she said: 'The grass withereth, the flower fadeth.'

And as she laid them down, she added: 'As the flower of the grass, he shall pass away.'

Next came the ear of corn. As she held it up, she recited: 'Thou crownest the year with thy goodness; the valleys also are covered over with corn. The earth bringeth forth fruit; first the blade, then the ear; after that, the full corn in the ear. Like as a stalk of corn cometh in his season, thou shalt come to thy grave. Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit. Thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain,' and she held up the shrunken kernels of corn. 'But God giveth it a body, as it hath pleased him.'

Just here she drew back the spread that covered the little stand, and, lo, behind it there stood a little box, in which there waved some rich green stalks of corn. Grandpa had transplanted them with careful hands, and brought them here to teach their beautiful lesson of the resurrection.

Do you need to be told that Fannie earned two prizes? One given by the school, and one by the delighted grandfather. And yet her piece was 'nothing in the world but a few Bible verses.' That was what one of the big girls, who did not get a prize, said about it.—'American Messenger.'

If I Were You,

If I a little girl could be,
Well—just like you,
With lips so rosy, cheeks so fair,
Such eyes of blue and shining hair,
What do you think I'd do?
I'd wear so bright and sweet a smile.
I'd be so loving all the while,
I'd be so helpful with my hand,
So quick and gentle to command,
You soon would see
That every one would turn to say,
'Tis good to meet that child to-day.'
Yes, yes, my bird, that's what I'd do,
If I were you.

Or, if I chanced to be a boy,
Like some I know,
With crisp curls sparkling in the sun,
And eyes all beaming bright with fun—
Ah, if I could be so,
I'd strive and strive with all my might
To be so true, so brave, polite,
That in me each one might behold
A hero as in days of old.
'Twould be a joy
To hear one, looking at me, say,
'My cheer and comfort all the day.'
Yes, if I were a boy, I know
I would be so.

—Sidney Dayre.

LESSON VII.—NOV. 18.

The Ten Lepers Cleansed.

Luke xvii., 11-19. Memory verses, 17-19.

Daily Readings.

M. Detection—Levit. xiii., 1-17.
T. Cleansing—Levit. xiv., 1-20.
W. Naaman—II. Kings v., 1-14.
T. Gehazi—II. Kings v., 15-17.
F. Uzziah—II. Chron. xxvi., 9.23.
S. Samaritan—II. Kings vii., 1-16.

Golden Text.

'Be ye thankful.'—Col. iii., 15.

Lesson Text.

(11) And it came to pass as he went to Jerusalem that he passed through the midst of Samaria and Galilee. (12) And as he entered into a certain village there met him ten men that were lepers, which stood afar off. (13) And they lifted up their voices, and said, Jesus, Master, have mercy upon us. (14) And when he saw them, he said unto them, Go shew yourselves unto the priests. And it came to pass that, as they went, they were cleansed. (15) And one of them, when he saw that he was healed, turned back, and with a loud voice glorified God. (16) And fell down on his face at his feet, giving him thanks: and he was a Samaritan. (17) And Jesus answering said, Were there not ten cleansed? but where are the nine? (18) There are not found that returned to give glory to God, save this stranger. (19) And he said unto him, Arise, go thy way; thy faith hath made thee whole.

Suggestions.

In this country we know very little of the horrors of leprosy, that dread disease which so fitly typifies sin. In eastern countries, where the disease is prevalent, specially in the insanitary districts where the poorest classes dwell, a disfigured sufferer or even a group of lepers is not an uncommon sight. Leprosy is practically incurable, it is a consuming disease, which so mutilates and distorts its victim as to render him loathsome and repulsive in the extreme. Leprosy is contagious and is a slow disease, that may last through a lifetime, its first stages are not painful, but its final working causes the greatest of agony. Leprosy, like sin, is deceitful, it may be some time in the system before it begins to show outwardly; when it has once taken hold of a man no human power can heal him.

'Some, as they look on infancy, reject with horror the thought that sin exists within. But so might anyone say who looked upon the beautiful babe in the arms of a leprous mother. But time brings forth the fearful malady. New-born babes of leprous parents are often as pretty and as healthy in appearance as any; but by and by its presence and workings become visible in some of the signs described in the thirteenth chapter of Leviticus.'—Dr. Wm. Thomson.

'It is a profoundly instructive circumstance that, according to this typical law, the case of the supposed leper was to be judged by the priest (Lev. xiii.). All turned for him upon the priest's verdict. If he declared him clean, it was well; but if he pronounced him unclean, it made no difference that the man did not believe it, or that his friends did not believe it; or that he or they thought better in any respect of his case than the priest,—out of the camp he must go. He might plead that he was certainly not nearly so bad a case as some of the poor, mutilated, dying creatures outside the camp; but that would have no weight, however true. For still he, no less really than they, was a leper; and, until made whole, into the fellowship of lepers he must go and abide. Even so for us all; everything turns, not on our own opinion of ourselves, or on what other men may think of us; but solely on the verdict of the heavenly Priest.'—'Expositor's Bible.'

One of the rules about lepers was that they should cover their mouths when they came near anyone, so that they might not spread infection. In the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, that wonderful prophecy of the coming Messiah, we find in verse three (marginal reading), 'He hid as it were his face from us,' as though he were a leper for our sakes—signifying the loathsomeness of our sins as laid upon our Redeemer.

My soul looks back to see
The burden Thou didst bear,
When hanging on th' accursed tree,
And knows her guilt is there.

As our Lord and his disciples were on their way to Jerusalem, passing east along the border of Samaria and Galilee (their road lay across the Jordan and down through Perea), they came to a certain village where they met ten lepers. Though they dared not come near him, they recognized Jesus, and in an agony of pleading called out for the help which he alone could give. They must have heard of him before, perhaps they had seen him healing the blind, the halt, and the maimed, perhaps they even knew of other lepers who had been cleansed and healed by this wonderful Jesus (Matt viii., 1-4; Mark i., 40-45). They must have had faith in his power for when he bade them go and show themselves to the priest as men from whom the curse had passed (Lev. xiv., 2), they hastened away to obey him. As they went along, one and another suddenly discovered that he was entirely cleansed and healed, and their hearts must have been filled with joy. But they hurried on to find the priest and show themselves, perhaps fearing that if they did not obey, their disease might return, or fancying that the priest's blessing might ensure the permanency of the cure.

More probably, however, they were so selfishly absorbed in their own delight at being healed that they forgot all about the One who had healed them. Alas that such ingratitude should have to be recorded! Alas, that the same sort of ingratitude should have persisted to this day—for are these nine not the type of the great majority of so-called Christians of to-day? Are there not many who cry out for cleansing, the forgiveness of sins, and having by faith received that blessing, seem to spend the rest of their lives trying to forget that they ever were sinners, they bring no tribute of praise to their Saviour, they make no thank-offering to him for his mercies, they even make no effort to save others from the horrible darkness from which they themselves have been brought out at such a cost (I. Peter i., 18-20; ii., 9).

Yet there was one whose heart was filled with gratitude and love and praise, and he putting aside all selfish considerations, ran with all haste to find Jesus and humbly to offer him worship and thanks. This man as he knelt received a blessing which was of far greater value to him than the cleansing from leprosy, his sins were forgiven and Jesus bade him depart, a perfectly cleansed man. This man is a type of those Christians whose hearts are so overflowing with thanksgiving and praise that they give their very lives as a thank offering to him who has cleansed and redeemed them. And in this thank-offering they too find another blessing, greater than the first, the blessing of the abiding presence of the Saviour and the power of the Holy Ghost. Every Christian owes his life, his powers, talents, time and money, to the Lord Jesus Christ—'but where are the nine?'

Questions.

How does leprosy typify sin? How many lepers were standing together calling on Jesus? Had they faith in him? How did they show it? How many were healed? How many gave thanks to Jesus? How do you show your gratitude to him for redeeming you?

C. E. Topic.

Nov. 18.—What intemperance cost our nation. Prov. xxiii., 15-21.

Junior C. E. Topic.

THE COST OF INTEMPERANCE.

Mon, Nov. 12.—Tears and mourning.—Ezek., ii., 10.

Tues., Nov. 13.—Heavy taxation.—Matt. xxiii., 4.

Wed., Nov. 14.—Lost opportunities.—Jas. iii., 12.

Thurs., Nov. 15.—Wrecked future.—Jer. 8., 15.

Fri., Nov. 16.—Noblemen.—Heb. ii., 7.

Sat., Nov. 17.—Citizenship in heaven. —Gal. v., 21.

Sun., Nov. 18. —Topic — Intemperance; what does it cost our nation? Prov. xxiii., 15-21. (Quarterly temperance meeting.)

Make the Sunday-school Library More Helpful.

The first essential is that the teacher should have literary taste and judgment. Without this, the teacher can be of very little service, in a literary way, either to the school or to the individual scholar. The Sunday school teacher, as well as the pastor, ought to feel a large sense of responsibility for the literary and intellectual welfare of the school and class, as well as for their spiritual interests. This would lead the teacher to care for books, to read books and read them with some patient discrimination, to cultivate a literary taste, and to know whether the scholars read or not, and how much they read as well as what they read.

Next to this, I would suggest that the teacher should help to create as much public sentiment as possible in the school and church in behalf of the best possible library to be had. Public sentiment is a potent factor anywhere. It generally gets just what it asks for. The chief reason why so many schools have poor libraries and perhaps none at all, is because there is no well-defined public sentiment in the church and school in reference to the necessity and value of a Sunday school library. The teachers can do much to create this and to stimulate it. Every school ought to have a library committee to agitate the subject persistently, and to be constantly on the lookout for the best and freshest books. And the teachers can do much to add to the helpfulness and efficiency of the library by the closest sympathy and co-operation with such a committee.

A third thing that the teacher may do for the library is to have a library evening or a library hour with the class. Let this be once a month or once a quarter. Invite the class to your home, or meet at the home of some member of the class some week-day evening, or some Sunday afternoon hour, for the special purpose of talking about books. This would be delightful in a social way, and highly profitable in a literary sense. It would help to solve the perplexing problem of class socials. Get each scholar to tell the thread of the narrative or analyze some central character in some book he has recently read. This would do more than perhaps anything else to get the scholars to read books and to read them well. It would cultivate literary taste, and kindle and feed a blaze of literary enthusiasm in the class.

Lastly, let the teacher feel himself, and make his scholars feel, just what a book is. A book! That is a simple, common, homely word, but how can we measure the years of study and intellectual development, the high ambition, the deep, subtle influences it contains? The words of John Milton were not an exaggeration when he said, 'A good book is the precious life-blood of its author.' Think of books, handle books, talk of books aright yourself and you may help each one of your scholars to realize more and more the grandeur and the helpful ministry of books.—Heidelberg 'Teacher.'

The 'Messenger' Appreciated.

Mr. Allan Lamont, treasurer of the Dovercourt Presbyterian Sabbath school, Toronto, receiving a large supply of the 'Northern Messenger,' sends the following pleasing testimony when remitting:

'I have pleasure in testifying to the high estimate placed upon the 'Northern Messenger' by the scholars of our school, amongst whom words in its praise are general. With the wish that God will continue to own and bless you in your work.'

Let us ask God to give us tact so as not to grieve the little ones given to our charge, so as to make us better teachers, teaching the words of Christ: 'Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'

The teacher with tact will co-operate in every way with those in authority, and be as helpful as possible, thus setting a good example to his class.—Dr. Hornberger.

Bible Wines.

(Dr. R. H. Macdonald, of San Francisco.)

CHAPTER X—THE EFFECT OF ALCOHOL, THE POISON IN WINE, UPON THE SOUL.

1. Q.—We have seen that alcohol ruins the body, does it injure the soul?

A.—It does, it leads directly to the ruin of everything good in man.

2. Q.—Does it ruin his soul?

A.—Yes, it excites all the evil feelings of the hart, and his mind is in no condition to think of things that are pure and holy.

3. Q.—Can you give any other reason?

A.—It is impossible to have a pure soul in a diseased, filthy body.

4. Q.—Are we told to keep our bodies pure?

A.—We are.

5. Q.—Give a quotation from the Bible on this point.

A.—'Know ye not that ye (your bodies) are the temple of God, and that the spirit of God dwelleth in you.

'If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are.' (I. Cor. iii., 16 and 17.)

6. Q.—Does the use of alcoholic liquors injure the souls of the families of those who drink them?

A.—Yes, there are many reasons why they should.

7. Q.—Give some of the reasons.

A.—The families of such drinkers cannot attend church to hear about the Bible and learn how to be good. Also when people are hungry and cold, and cruelly treated, they cannot be expected to be very good.

8. Q.—What is the result?

A.—That they cease to care for anything good, and learn to be profane and low and vulgar, and their souls as well as their bodies are ruined.

9. Q.—How do we know that intoxicating liquors ruin the soul?

A.—From observation, from history, and from the warnings and instructions of the Bible.

10. Q.—What is meant by observation?

A.—We mean that we are continually seeing respectable and good men and women changed by the use of intoxicating drinks into mean, miserable and bad men and women.

11. Q.—What does history teach?

A.—It teaches us that the same consequences which we see among ourselves, have followed the abuse of intoxicating liquors in all countries and in all ages.

12. Q.—Name a character in history who used wine to excess.

A.—Alexander the Great who died 323 years before Christ, after conquering all the known world. He died from the excessive use of wine when he was only thirty-two years old.

13. Q.—What does the Bible tell us about the drunkard?

A.—'Nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners shall inherit the kingdom of God.' (I. Cor. vi., 10.)

Cigarettes.

(May R. Thornley, in 'Christian Guardian.')

'There is a story of an abbot who coveted a piece of ground,' says J. R. Miller. 'The owner consented to lease it for one crop only. The abbot sowed acorns, which took three hundred years to ripen. Satan begs for one crop only, and then sows seeds whose harvest will fill all the life to the end.' If Sir Walter Raleigh had borrowed a seer's vision, and followed the destroying track of the tobacco habit, for whose introduction into England, in Elizabeth's reign, he was responsible, he might have wished his valet's fears realized. It is said that the servant, upon first perceiving smoke issuing from his master's nostrils and mouth, supposed him the victim of internal combustion, and loudly lamenting his perilous condition, dashed a pitcher of water over him. More than four hundred years have passed. The bitterest fruit on this tree of Sodom is only now ripening.

A few weeks ago, a London White Ribboner was accosted by a little six-year-old, the child of a neighbor. He had found a lot of bright bits of paper, had cut them into strips, and fastened them together for a chain of rings. Holding this up for her inspection, he proudly claimed to be the owner and manufacturer. She said, 'He had a lisp and just a real baby face, that made me stop and please him by admiring his childish efforts.' Think of her feeling upon learning later that this little mite of humanity was an inveterate cigarette smoker. A brother of twelve had set the example. The distracted mother wondered if her boys could have inherited the taste from their father, whose addiction to his pipe was proverbial.

The cigarette victim is the despair of his parents and teachers; the sport of his own uncontrolled passions; a piece of useless driftwood on life's currents of real purpose or endeavor. Where, a few years ago, you could count them by the dozens, to-day you must reckon by hundreds, and the end is not yet.

The danger is becoming apparent, and in this lies our hope. No measure of relief from this pest of child-life can be too radical. Extermination, through prohibition of the manufacture, importation and sale, is the one satisfactory solution.

Physicians on Alcohol.

Mr. A.—I must have a drop, because my blood is poor.

Answer by Dr. Kerr—Alcohol injures the blood.

Mr. B.—I can't do without a little, because I suffer from indigestion.

Answer by Dr. Bowman—Alcohol retards digestion.

Mr. C.—I have had brain fever, and I need alcohol.

Answer by Sir Henry Thompson—Of all the people who cannot stand alcohol it is the brain workers.

Mr. D.—I am rather nervous, and therefore take a little.

Answer by Dr. Brunton—The effect of alcohol upon the nervous system is to paralyze it.

Mr. E.—I suffer with my liver, so I take a little occasionally.

Answer by Dr. Norman Kerr—Alcohol hardens the liver.

Mr. F.—I am a victim of kidney disease, that is my reason for taking alcohol.

Answer by Dr. Norman Kerr—Alcohol destroys the kidneys.

Mr. G.—I am weak, and I need something to strengthen my muscles.

Answer by Sir B. Richardson—The action of alcohol is to lessen the muscular power.

Mr. H.—I have to work in a cold place, and must have some alcohol to warm me.

Answer by Dr. John Rae—The greater the cold the more injurious is the use of alcohol.

Mr. I.—I don't get enough food, so I rely upon a little alcohol to supply extra food to nourish me.

Answer by Dr. J. C. Reid—There is no support to the body in the use of alcohol.

Mr. J.—I have to undergo an operation and I must take a little.

Answer by Dr. Bantock—I believe that all cases of operations are better without alcohol.

Mrs. K.—I have a little babe to nurse, and therefore I have to take stout.

Answer by Dr. Heywood Smith—It is a popular mistake to think that the drinking of stout makes you better nurses.

Mr. L.—I feel low sometimes, so it is needful for me.

Answer by Dr. Wilkes—Alcohol is a depresser, and people are under a delusion who think otherwise.

Mr. M.—I am rather 'run down,' and I have to take a little alcohol to build me up.

Answer by the 'Lancet'—As an agent for producing degeneration alcohol is unrivalled.

Mr. N.—I have a weak heart, that is my reason.

Dr. Sims Woodhead—I never use brandy for the heart; hot milk is better.

Mr. O.—I have a complication of complaints; I am forced to take it.

Answer by Dr. Dickson, Canada—Alcohol is a most destructive agent to every organ and tissue of the body, either in a state of health or disease.

Well, we won't go on to the end of the alphabet, but we might go on to the end of twelve alphabets to show how useless alcohol is, and what an absurd thing it is to believe it to be a good medicine. Surely everybody who wants to know the truth will be satisfied with this. Now the next thing to do is to live it out.—'Irish Temperance League Journal.'

What Have You Done To-day?

I saw a farmer when the day was done;
The setting sun had sought its crimson bed,
And the mild stars came forward one by one;
I saw the sturdy farmer, and I said:
'What have you done to-day?
O farmer, say.'
'Oh, I have sown the wheat in yonder field,
And pruned my orchard, to increase the yield,
And turned the furrow for a patch of corn—
This have I done since morn.'

I saw a blacksmith in his smithy door
When day had vanished and the west grew red,
And all the merry noise and strife were o'er;
I saw the kindly blacksmith, and I said:
'What have you done to-day?
O blacksmith, say.'
'Oh, I have made two ploughshares all complete,
And nailed the shoes on many horses' feet;
And—oh, my friend, I cannot tell you half,'
The man of muscle answered with a laugh.

I saw a miller when the day was done,
And all the sunshine from the hills had fled,
And tender shadows crept across the lawn;
I saw a dusky miller, and I said:
'What have you done today?
O miller, grey.'
'Oh, I have watched my mill from morn till night;
Did you e'er see flour so snowy white?
And many are the mouths to-day I've fed.'
The merry miller laughed as this he said.

I saw another when the night drew nigh,
And turned each daily toiler from his task,
When gold and crimson cloudlets decked the sky,
'What have you done to-day?
Dram-seller, say.'
But the drink-seller turned, with drooping head,
And not a single word in answer said,
What had he done? His work, he knew full well,
Was plunging souls in deepest hell!

Alas! drink-seller, on that awful day
When death shall call you, and your race is run,
How can you answer? What can you say
When God shall question you, 'What have you done?'
How can you meet the eye
Of the Most High?
When night approaches, and the day grows late.
Think you to find your way to heaven's gate?
Think you to dwell with the souls of righteous men?
Think you to enter in? If not, what then?

—'Waif.'

The lamented Dr. Bushnell said a short time before his death: 'Alcohol is the burning curse of Africa, and the traders, with scarcely an exception, are remorseless as the grave. Some people wonder why the coast tribes of Africa waste and disappear. It is no wonder to one who lives there with his eyes open,' and he added: 'If I were an Apollo or Chrysostomus, I should like to go through all the churches of the land, persuading and entreating every member for Christ's sake to abandon the intoxicating cup and prohibit its manufacture and sale. I would call aloud to all friends of missions: "If you love the missions, if you love the Church of God, help, help to dethrone the demon of intemperance—our reproach before the heathen, the blight of our churches!"' —Dr. Dunn.

HOUSEHOLD.

For Fear it Should Hurt the Bairnies' Feet.

One day in one of the streets of the city of Glasgow, a very poor woman was seen to stoop and pick something up, and wrapping it up in her apron, to walk away with it.

Amongst those who observed this action was a policeman, and he, taking it for granted from her manner, that what she had picked up was probably some article of value, which ought to be restored to its rightful owner, quietly followed her to enquire what it was.

'What's that you've got in your apron?' he asked.

'It's naething,' she replied; 'it's naething.'

'If it were naething,' said the policeman, 'you would not wrap it up so carefully as that. Let me see what it is.'

She opened her apron, and lo! instead of the treasure he had expected to find — a purse, a bracelet, a diamond ring, or something of that sort, — there were only some pieces of broken glass.

Of course the zealous guardian of the public was greatly surprised, and possibly a little disappointed.

'What did you pick that for, and wrap it up, and carry it off like that?'

'For fear,' she replied, with touching simplicity, 'it should hurt the bairnies' feet.'

There are other ways in which we may 'hurt the bairnies feet,' than by leaving broken pieces of glass in their way. Sometimes parents themselves do this—parents who would be very angry indeed if any one else hurt their children.

Bad teachings do this, and, not less, a bad example.

They are looking and listening when you think they are taking no notice; and what you do and say is helping to form their character for life. You are thus, whether you think of it or not, putting their little feet on that broad way on which there are so many perils, and you are encouraging them to walk on it.

'Father or mother,' they say, 'do this or that; then why should not I?'

If, in coming years, they should go far astray, and be in consequence involved in deep degradation and great misery, the shame of their doing so will be in no small measure yours.—'Friendly Greetings.'

Clean Beds.

'A clean bed' is not always secured by having linen that shows no signs of use. There are many kinds of 'dirt,' that do not show. An article in the 'Household,' touches upon this subject. It says:

'If every member of the family realized how much of the impurity of the body is thrown off at night, they would be much more particular to open the bed wide and remove all the clothing from it.

'Children should be taught the proper way to open their beds; this is not simply to lay the clothes over the bottom of the bed and leave the lower sheet in place on the mattress, as many grown people are liable to do.

'To air a bed thoroughly and as it should be aired daily, remove the blankets and upper sheet, spreading them out over two chairs as near the window as practical. Place the under sheet by itself, also near the window, and dispose of the pillows so that the air may blow over them. This should be attended to by the occupant of the bed, upon leaving the room in the morning, and not left to the maid or the one who makes the bed. Care should also be taken that the lower sheet does not get changed with the upper one.

'In returning to a closed house, hang the sheets and pillow-slips and the blankets to be used on the bed out of doors on the line if the day is fine, directly in the sun. Open the windows and blinds wide. If you have an upstairs piazza, well protected from the gaze of the passers-by, it will be a great convenience for pillows and mattresses.

'It is better to keep pillows out of the sun, as the heat will tend to draw out the oil from the feathers, and give them a peculiar odor, but the fresh air without the sunlight, will lighten them greatly.

'The same care should be given to garments worn at night. They must be hung near an open, sunny window, where the air can blow through them thoroughly.

'It should be remembered that between eleven and three o'clock are the hours when there is the least dampness in the atmosphere. After that time any clothing exposed out of doors should be removed to the house, as it will be liable to gather moisture.'

Training in Decision.

'Do you think I shall need my jacket, mother?' asked a young lady, setting out on an autumn walk with her mother. 'I don't know. I can't judge for you,' was the reply, as the older woman buttoned her own garment closer, and started down the road. A moment's pause—then the girl turned back with a prudent air, saying, 'Perhaps I had better take it,' and hurried in for the wrap. An observer who stood on the piazza, shivering in the sharp air, was surprised and rather shocked at the mother's seeming indifference; but the more she thought about the little scene the more she came to recognize the wisdom in dealing with her grown daughter, who, at twenty, was certainly old enough to take care of herself. Had the girl been ordered to carry the jacket she would no doubt have remonstrated, and, perhaps, fretted at the burden. At least her laziness would have been spared even this small decision. As it was, with prudent foresight and memory of past colds, she settled the question as wisely as the mother could wish. How many parents could have refrained from advice? How many would have thrown the responsibility on the girl instead of treating her like a child? Not many. Yet upon such a course depends good feeling and good comradeship between a half-grown daughter and mother, son and father, as well as that cultivation of self-dependence and strong individuality so important in later life.

The world has little respect for the man or woman who avoids making decisions and is constantly subject to another's will or opinion. It admires, on the other hand, those who know their own mind and are not afraid to express it when occasion demands. But self-reliance is a quality which comes by cultivation and experience. Young people must be trained very early to think and decide for themselves.—'The Westminster.'

Hints from Here and There.

It improves chocolate to add a teaspoonful of strong coffee just before serving.

Peel onions under water if you do not want to cry.

If the eye of a potato is small the potato is of good quality.

To take rust from steel.—Rub the rusted article well with sweet oil, and allow the oil to remain upon it for forty-eight hours. Then rub with soft leather; sprinkle well with finely powdered unslacked lime till the rust disappears.

Never cook a vegetable after it is done. It detracts from the flavor.

A very small piece of soda in the water, if it is hard, improves the flavor of vegetables.

To preserve vegetables, keep the stalks in water until ready to cook. Eggs may be kept by burying them in salt, and carrots and turnips by burying in layers in a box of sand.

The neat housewife is not the one who can give a good 'cleaning up,' although she assuredly numbers this among her accomplishments, but the one who can keep clean, and by a little daily care prevent sweeping day from being the most wearisome day in the week.

Rub rough flat-irons over paper thickly sprinkled with salt.

Use all kinds of fresh, ripe fruits to purify the blood and tone up the system.

All tissue paper that comes into the house should be preserved for wiping looking-glasses; it gives a peculiar lustre to the glass.

Gloss Starch—To give high gloss to shirts, collars and cuffs, add a little dissolved gum arabic to the starch. A bottle of this should be kept with the laundry supplies. Prepare by pouring an ounce of boiling water over two ounces of gum arabic, add a teaspoonful powdered borax and bottle before it gets quite cold. One tablespoon of this added to a quart of starch gives a nice gloss.

To Keep Ice.—Cut a piece of clean flannel (white is best) about ten inches or more square. Place this above the top of a glass pitcher, or even a tumbler, pressing the flannel down halfway or more into the vessel, but above the water. Then bind the flannel fast to the top of the glass with a string or piece of tape. Now put the ice into the flannel cup and lay another piece of flannel, five or six inches square, upon the ice. Arranged thus, ice will keep many hours.

Selected Recipes.

Baked Potatoes with Roast Beef.—Place large, peeled potatoes in the pan with the roast beef, lay them around the meat, sprinkle a little salt over them and bake with the meat; turning the potatoes occasionally until done.

Beef Cake—Mince the meat very fine. Boil and mash potatoes equal to one-third the quantity of the meat; mix them together thoroughly, season with pepper, and a few sprigs of parsley minced. Add the beaten yolk of one egg to bind it. Wash and flour the hands; then make the mince into cakes about the size round of the top of a teacup, and fry them brown in hot butter or beef drippings.

Apple Preserves.—Though made of the plainest of materials this sweetmeat is really handsome. Large, sweet, fair apples are required. Melt four pounds of loaf sugar, with just water enough to dissolve. Into this put, when clear, eight pounds of pared halved, cored, sweet apples. Cook slowly till transparent, add one ounce of clean ginger root, and four spoonfuls of lemon flavor. Seal in glass jars when cold. It is delicate and tender, and the flavor of it can be varied indefinitely.

Apple Pickles.—These furnish variety in relishes, and can sometimes be made when there is nothing else acceptable for the purpose. Dissolve four cups of granulated sugar in one quart of vinegar, tie in a bag one teaspoonful each of whole cloves, allspice and cinnamon. Put into the vinegar with the thin yellow rind only of three lemons. Bring all just to a boil and then remove all from the vinegar, and put in the pared, halved and cored sweet apples, as many as the liquid will cover. Cook slowly till tender, remove carefully to jars, pour over the liquor, and cover closely to put away.

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